

Delivery from Brompton  
to Bells about Brompton

621 pi cme 74

"There is no pleasure in travelling, except on horseback, or in post."  
G. M. Bell.

Travelling Brompton by the South Western Railway, the first town of importance you come to is Basingstoke, where no traveller may let himself go a week or two in the pleasant hope of finding a safe friend where he may stay.

The country immediately off the Brompton canal is flat and level enough, being within the London Basin, but far out of the valley & meadows on either hand, you are impressed with the diversity which is the charm of Hampshire scenery. At one moment, the eye rests on sweeps of shimmering corn, and in by bounding hedges. & beyond these, more plough fields, until the openings granted by the hedges reveal only seas of blue sky. But turn your head, you have a wild heath west, not far off yester "household bread or potted steer," but the lip is more than meat; - the right - scents and odours of these Hampshire heaths, the air that blows upon them, are pure life nothing less.

Here is no reason for longing at Brompton; but here is another, you are in the heart of neighbourhood rich in associations, historical & personal. You here, you easily get at forgotten places you have heard of all your life with a longing to see them; & you come across them, with delightful memories, of which you have never even heard. Even

Run to the train, comes into the station, your interest is excited: What is the principal river on the rise just above us? You ask a yellow passenger: most-likely his answer will be void of the merit: "only an unimportant river, we were told; but a stark answer is, "one of the abbeys corrupted by Henry VIII."

But we must see the towns before we explore the country.  
We walk on way towards the pleasant long High Street  
of Beaminster - the main thoroughfares are pleasant  
country roads, where houses always have 'growing' big  
& little, shoulder to shoulder; where big shops with acres  
of glass may be kept by nobodies, & that you take in  
a small basket this leads into an ample, well-arranged  
house with good gardens behind; the little chap is kept  
by people of substance, & the mistress is kindly & genial  
very well able with you a great deal about Beaminster  
which you are <sup>concerned</sup> especially.

Basingstoke is the market-town for an agricultural district of over 20,000 people; and, in 1214, Wednesday was, as now, the market-day! This is respectable antiquity, I think. Of the farmers' green, seven centuries ago, gathering on the same spot for the same purpose, on the same day of the week, & - Basingstoke, more particularly, probably first green - the enough, we don't, & the farmers' Friday in Smith & Peartree, green of aspect, perhaps, but hardly lighter of heart, for 'agricultural distress,' is a far cry, receding back to the long-ago past.

The old town has had time to grow mellow. There, in  
one or two streets, are quaint timbered houses with

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With overhanging stories. Some ~~old~~ centuries ago,  
these ancient houses brought Basingstoke into  
disrepute. In 1609, the Great Duke of Guise, <sup>(Archduke)</sup>,  
and a 'grand tour' which included England, coming  
with him a secretary wrote down his impressions  
& an artist to illustrate them. The famous building  
show which we have yet ~~not~~ brought him to  
Basingstoke; she sets down the houses as poor, being  
poorly framed, & subject to the projecting stories. (but added)

that a larger price, and to the massive  
handsome structures of his own land, caused much  
on domestic architecture poor opinion is hardly  
matter for surprise.

The fine parish church is dedicated to St. Michael & All  
Angels - an unusual dedication for a church not  
set on a hill, accustomed for the past that this  
St. Michael was attached to the famous monastery  
of St. Michael in Normandy. The glass of the east  
window in the north aisle has a ~~but~~ attached to it:  
old Basingstoke <sup>was</sup> women to bring them not to  
have suffered during the Civil War; the walls of the  
church, especially on the south side, have been well  
repaired, by which side does not appear; but the  
Parliamentarians are only credited with all well out  
of gear.

The victory with pleasant-ground things which to  
bottom place - the "Sweet-native stream" of Thomas  
Warton, the younger, is not without distinction. The  
elder Thomas Warton (1727) one of the most famous actors  
amongst his plays, "Pilgrim's Progress" (1743), among his other two more  
important ones, "The Bazaar" (1752), had the best of  
success in his two intervals fresh learning into England.

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Notwithstanding its antiquity, Basingstoke hardly had  
much of English history, except as being in the near  
neighbourhood of Basing House at the time of the celebrated  
Crisp. One Elias Archer <sup>in</sup> his "True Relation" (1643)  
mentions the frequent occupation of the town by  
the Royal Troops, <sup>tells</sup> that the troops of the Parliament repelled  
them selves there, "in respect of the extremity of hard  
service & cold weather."

How did the town folks of Basingstoke regard this  
coming & going of the troops, calls the author of the war?  
Here is a letter which tells what we want to know - printed  
here by Canon Millard's kind permission. — \*

\* Author of the letter was well known as an  
archaeologist

\* The writer was much by Canon Millard's kindness  
\* archaeological accomplishments. The following  
extract of the history of the Big St. George Chapel is an  
unworthy reproduction of a most interesting & charming verbal  
account, given on the spot.

L21 p 8 CMC 34

This pamphlet is replete with a little sever-  
epp. beginning, "Good News from South-Hampton  
And Basingstoe in Hampshire. As it was related  
is a letter from thence by one Master Zoller to  
a Merchant of good quality, in Lombard Street,  
with salary as much more." W. H.

Basingstoe this tenth day of December  
1842.

Sir Here say my Lord Grandison troope of Horse  
and Coloneill Greys Dragooneers eleven dayes  
we had imployment enough to dress the meat  
& provide drinke for them, but last Friday they  
went away, & as we heard, are gone to Marlborough,  
& many say they heard no guns fire off very rarely.

The KING was expected this in his Tonne  
this day: here were many Gentlemen came thirty  
miles to meete him, but returned presently  
hearing the contrary. It hath beene a great charge  
to our Towne, they demanded two thousand  
yards quoveller cloth, & five hundred yards of  
linnen, at fourteene pence the yard. Some  
linnen Drapers bought seies in, but the clothiers  
woollen Drapers made no great rest, so they turned  
themselves come at one crop, & greater quantity  
at another.

Upon us Dester Senny, let him be saved his  
purse is forty away, but they made bold with  
his horse, he may come downe safely now, & see  
what is done: pray God send peace, & else see  
what will come to this land quickly. I hope you  
at London desire peace, aswell as we, though perhaps  
you are not comust in danger as we are, yet enough,  
I believe you are not quite out yet: so this will  
my love Great yours,

T. W.

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St. Mary's  
The Holy Ghost Chapel.

Waking on my way by means of steps up the chalk  
down crowned by that picturesque ruin which is the  
first ~~ruin~~ <sup>intend</sup> of Basinslote, we find ourselves upon  
the litter -

"A name which it loveth you.

A thousand years hath it borne that name;

And shall for a thousand more; -

In the litter is a very ancient burying ground,  
(A. S. litt., a copse, as in 'lych-gate'). When it is said  
that Saxon kings were buried: there is a tradition that  
on one occasion, seven kings were buried together - com-  
perhaps, to the burying of a Bretwalda.  
There is another instance of the pleasing continuity  
of things in Basinslote: of all modern cemeteries  
belonging to a town, the cemetery is usually the  
rarest, most modern; its very raison d'être  
is, in most cases, that the parish churchyard will  
hold no more: but here the cemetery is an  
extension of the ancient litter, a burying  
place a thousand years ago. Even here, however,  
there is something to be given to modern  
taste: why need such an extraordinary  
black and white chapel have been run up under  
the very shadow of such a dull & dignified  
garden? Nevermores. This is a quiet, sun-  
resting-place, fit a little of the week - a day  
air of a cemetery, where ~~are~~ the croombing  
head-stones ~~of the litter~~ & link the mourn-  
not-yet grass, grown with the flowers, unblown.

From